



A

JUNIOR'S

POEMS

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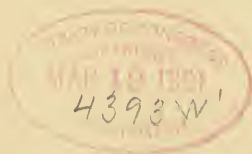
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



A Junior's Poems

.. BY ..

G. H. A. CONRARD



CINCINNATI ·
PRINTED BY METHVEN BROTHERS.,
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TO

H. C. DAWSON, Esq.,

MAYOR OF HILLSBORO, O.,

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED.

—Pueri longis rationibus assem
Discuat in partes centum diducere. Dicat
Filius Albini : Si de quincunce remota est
Vincia, quid superet ? Poteras dixisse : Triens. Eu !
Rem poteris servare tuam. Redit uncia, quid fit ?
Semis. At haec animos aerugo et cura peculi
Cum semel imbuerit, speramus carmina fingi
Posse linenda cedro et levi servanda cupresso ?

—HORACE.

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DEATH OF DAY.

TOLL, toll, toll ! rang the Vesper bell,
For the Day was dying :
Time's cruel spear had fell,
And in its flying
Pierced his heart
Like a dart
Pierces the chamois fleet,
That leaps
O'er rugged steeps,
Then falls at its slayer's feet.

His heart was a-bleeding ;
And his blood
Poured forth in resistless flood,

And far o'er the Western sky,
Far, far on high,
Its crimson was a-spreading.

The Day on his lowly bed
Lay moaning and sighing ;
Soon the West-wind came and said
The prayers for the dying ;
And then far,
Far on high
An angel lit the evening star—
The taper of the sky.

Knell, knell, knell !
Rang the Vesper bell,
For the Day was dead ;
Then with mantles of mourning over them
spread,
Far o'er the land the shadows fled
As messengers, to tell
That Day at last was dead.

Then like a loving child,
With a whisper soft and mild,
 Pale Twilight came to the West ;
 And with fair arms young and strong,
Clasp'd him to her breast
 And held him long ;
 While the Forest sighed
 For the Day that had died ;
And as the dark mantle over them crept,
The Heavens wept,
 Shedding their dewy tears
 Like an aged man weeping o'er vanished
 years.

Then the angels weeping
Gazed on the dead sweetly sleeping;
And far, far on high
They hung the flickering tapers of the sky.
Came with a solemn tread
 The black-robed Hours,

Their mourning-weeds fringed with the
 gleams of the stars ;
Softly they spread
A pall o'er the dead ;
 And then with foot-steps light,
 While thro' the gloom and the dim
 The Vesper bell
 Toll'd its parting knell,
 They took him and they buried him
Deep in the Tomb of Night !

AUTUMN.

THE Autumn winds are wailing—sadly wailing!
The woods are fraught with moaning and with
sighs;

In gullies deep the fallen leaves are trailing,
The somber clouds have darkened all the skies.

The maple groves are fill'd with yellow glory;
The sumac leaves have turned to red and gold;
While stands the naked oak, all aged and hoary,
Guarding the forest like a knight of old.

The lark no longer sings within the meadow;
The swallow skims no more across the lea;
Nor robin sings within the grove's deep shadow,
And all the land is dismal as can be.

O tell me, Nature, wherefore all this sadness?

O tell me, woodlands, why is all this woe?

And tell me, meadows, where is all thy gladness?

And why, O winds, ye wail so sad and low?

“ Alas! the land is full of moans and sighing,”

The wind replied a-coming o’er the wold;

“ For all of Nature weeps for summer dying,

And sadly mourns—the year is growing old!”

Ah, thus with life when it is fast declining,

And silver hairs are woven ’mong the gold;

For all the past we never cease repining,

And sigh to think that we are growing old!

HAFIZ AND THE KING.

INSCRIBED TO EDWARD S. ROONEY, CINCINNATI, O.

SPAKE a king to the poet, Hafiz :

“To thee, O bard and seer,

Next to our land and Allah,

What deemest thou most dear ? ”

Then to the Persian monarch

Answered the bard and seer :

“Next to our country and Allah,

I hold thy love most dear. ”

The monarch smiled on Hafiz,

And with a well-pleased look,

He thanked the bowing singer

And gave him a golden book.

ADDRESS TO OUR PROFESSOR.

SLOW falls the sand in the hour-glass,
When counted grain by grain ;
But fast fly the precious moments—
Never to return again !—
And leave like the flying meteor
Only a glittering train.
Ah, thus the jeweled moments
Have sped us swiftly by,
Till they've brought another Christmas—
And the New Year draweth nigh !

And thou, O friend and teacher,
 Who hastwatched our moments go,
And hastmade the train of the vanished ones
 Brighter than meteor's glow,
Our love we wish to show thee—
 For a debt of love we owe.
 Thou hast been our faithful guardian
 Thro' the days that, gliding by,
 Have brought us another Christmas
 And another New Year nigh.

Could time be more propitious
 Our gratitude to return
Than the approach of the joyous Christmas,
 When the dear Christ-child was born ?
Then accept our love's slight token ;
 And when comes the Christmas morn,
 May its blessed hours and moments
 Go merrily, gaily by,
 And for thee may the year be happy
 That is fastly drawing nigh !

THE QUEEN OF THE WEST.

The Queen of the West
In her garlands dress'd,
On the banks of the Beautiful River.

LONGFELLOW.

“ON the banks of the Beautiful River,”
Shut in by the hills that arise
Like the strong rustic pillars of nature,
Supporting the dome of the skies,
She sits in her pride and her glory,
With the joys of a century bless'd—
O noble in truth is our city,
The Pride and the Queen of the West!

Has America nurtured another
 With children more loyal and brave ?
Has ever a city more lovely
 Risen over the Red man's grave ?
Has ever the world seen a city
 With such prosperity bless'd
As the Maid of the Beautiful Valley—
 As our city, the Queen of the West ?

The wigwams long since are in ruins,
 The camp-fires have long died away ;
And the forests that skirted the River
 Have fallen to earth and decay ;
But the Pride of the Valley has risen
 Where the foot of the Indian has press'd,
Till she stands in her beauty and glory,—
 Our city—the Queen of the West.

Our city—O loveliest maiden !
 Tho' vanished the blushes of youth,

She proclaims herself by her beauty,
The Pride of the Valley in truth :
The Pride of that Beautiful Valley
With the fruits of prosperity bless'd,
O lovely indeed is our city—
The Pride and the Queen of the West !

Pride of the Valley ! uplifting
Thy tall burnished spires to the sky,
O mayest thou ne'er lose thy beauty,
And may thy pride never die !
That when other ages shall see thee,
And again in thy garlands thou'rt dress'd,
Thou mayest still be the Pride of the Valley—
Our city—the Queen of the West !

Cincinnati, O., July 4, 1888.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

THE moon-beams, soft and mellow,
On the snow-white tents were shed
That in the silent valley
And o'er the hills were spread.
'Twas midnight, and the soldiers,
All wearied from the fray,
And scarr'd from many a battle,
Within their blankets lay.
Without, all was silence,
Save the sentry's ceaseless tread,
That in the still night sounded
Like the sad knell of the dead.

A soldier in his blanket,
 And on his scant straw cast,
Was dreaming of the future,
 Was dreaming of the past.
He was in his native village,
 He was 'mong its joyous bands,
He heard familiar voices,
 And he grasped familiar hands ,
 And again he felt the anguish
 Of that proud but tearful day,
 When he bade farewell to loved-ones,
 And, a soldier, marched away.

Then he dreamed of his returning
 To the village far away,
All crowned with vict'ry's laurels,
 And scarr'd from many a fray.
He saw the tears of welcome
 Streaming from a sister's eyes ;
He heard a mother sobbing,
 And a sweet-heart's loving sighs ;

He saw a gray-haired father,
In his pride and in his joy,
Extend a hand of welcome
To his war-scarr'd soldier boy.

But hark ! he was awakened
By a rude alarm without ;
It was the sentry's signal,
And his comrades' battle shout.
He seized his trusty musket,
He heard the foemen's yell,
He rushed into the battle,
And among the foremost fell !
O soldier ! when thy loved-ones
Hear of this night so dread,
They will see thy own name leading
The long list of the dead !

HIGHLAND'S HILLS.

INSCRIBED TO R. STANLEY MARSH, SPRINGFIELD, MO.

NOT like the Alps that reach to dizzy height,
Nor Himalayan peaks that touch the sky,
Nor Cordilleras that reach up so high
The eagle can not reach them in her flight ;
Not like the Rockies with their crests of white,
O Highland Hills ! art thou, but in mine eye
Thou art far fairer than them all ; and thy
Fair scenery is grander in my sight !
O Highland Hills—dear Highland Hills ! no land
In all the world is half so fair as thee !
Thy fern-clad cliffs are grandest of the grand,
Thy forests dearest in the world to me.
I'll love no land as well where'er I roam
As thee, O Highland, for thou art my home !

KESME FALLS.

INSCRIBED TO FRANCIS M. TRACY, COVINGTON, KY.

SWEET comes the song of the Falls
Up o'er the steep rocky cliffs :
Sweet—but so mournful and sad,
Wailing and doleful, it seems
Sighing o'er some hidden grief.

Sweet is the song of the Falls !
Love we its sad doleful notes,
Coming at even a soft
Sweet lullaby ; while at morn
Wakes us like shout in our dreams.

Why is thy music so sad,
Dear Kesme Falls? once I asked.
Doleful she sang for awhile,
Fitful and wild; then a voice
Said: "Long ago! long ago!"

Why for the long, long ago
Weeping and wailing you sing?
Then queried I; but her voice
Only could echo the wail,
"O long ago! long ago!"

In Camp, July, 1890.

THE FIRST FLOWER.

OUT of the brown earth's nurtured bed
She peeped her modest little head—
The first wild flower ;
Then shrinking 'neath a leafy blade
It seemed as though she were afraid
To venture more.

But, nourished by the sun and rain,
The little flower took heart again,
And her fears fled.
She banished thoughts that made her fear
The world, then soon did upward rear
Her modest head.

Pure was this flower of spotless white
When first she saw the sun-gleams' light
 As virgin snow ;
But soon their came a treacherous frost ;
She bent her head, died, and was lost
 To world and woe.

She perished as her life begun
There in the earth-bed by the sun
 Of April nursed.
Ah ! thus it is ; the sweetest flowers
Live only for a few short hours,
 Then perish first.

THE OLD FRIENDS.

INSCRIBED TO JOSEPH J. MCCARTHY, DODSONVILLE, O.

I LONG to see the old friends, to see them once again ;
To see their boyish faces,—can they now be those of
men ?

Ah ! some are in the South-land, some in the far, far
West,

And some are in the Church-yard in their long and peace-
ful rest.

Oft in the dream of fancy I can see them once again :
Some are Heaven's spirits, and some are brave strong
men ;

And oft in soft, sweet dream-tones their words again I
hear :

I hear them oft in dream-shouts and sometimes think
they're near.

The world gives many new friends with fame and fortune
bless'd ;

I know their friendship is sincere, but the old friends
are the best.

Ah ! Fortune is but fickle, Fame is a gaudy cheat,
But Friendship—O sweet Friendship !—is an ever-living
sweet !

THE FORESTER'S SONG.

INSCRIBED TO EDGAR A. BROWN, COVINGTON, KY.

I N the tangled woodland,
In the forest deep,
Where the wild rose blossoms
And the ivies creep ;
In the tangled forest,
In a shady dell,
In a little cottage
There alone I dwell.

No ! I'm never lonely—
'Tis a cheery spot ;
I ne'er have a trouble,
Mine's a happy lot.

My dogs are my sole friends,
Truest and the best,
For they always guard me—
Even when I rest.

The wind is my lyrist,
My bard is the bird,
And I sing my own song
By the world unheard.
Of all happy mortals
Living 'neath the sky,
King or prince or peasant,
None are gay as I.

In Camp, June, 1890.

THE RIVULET.

WITHIN a cave among the hills
And forest's deep recesses,
Along the slopes where daffodils
Delight the growing grasses,

A bubbling stream of water springs—
A stream as clear as crystal ;
And restless more than Fancy's wings,
And pure as virgins vestal.

It courses down the mountain sides,
It tumbles o'er the ledges ;
And thro' the valley murm'ring glides
Along the blooming hedges,

With music soft and low it plays
 Along the woods and meadows :
It dances in the sunny rays,
 It sings among the shadows.

O it is fair as rosy youth,
 As sweet as merry childhood ;
And like the pure and young, forsooth,
 It loves the mead and wildwood !

But clear, and pure, and fair, and sweet,
 Can thus it be forever ?
Will unforeseen corruptions meet
 The joyful brooklet never ?

Alas for youth and happy hours !
 Alas for merry childhood !
Alas the stream should leave the flowers—
 Should leave the mead and wildwood !

The waters thro' the meadows glide,
 In sweetest accents speaking ;

But soon there come from ev'ry side
The streams with foulness reeking.

They come from cities dark with care,
From bogs in their descending;
They come and reach the river fair,
And soon the streams are blending.

Alas! the river once so gay
Among the woods and meadows,
Will sport the hours no more away
Amid the sun and shadows.

The brooklet deeper, darker grows
Into a murky river,
Till down into the sea it flows,
And then is lost forever.

With many lives 'tis thus—in youth
The days are full of laughter,
And fair and pure as spotless truth,
And thoughtless of hereafter.

With darker lives, they blend in time,
As did the crystal river,
Until within the sea of crime
They lose themselves forever.

IN JUNE.

INSCRIBED TO EDWARD A. FOSS, CINCINNATI, O.

THE budding youth of time at last is here;
She dights herself in robes of green and gold
And sunny rays delighting every fold
Of Nature's garb. The valley everywhere
Is full of balm; the dewy, languid air
That presses round in sunny wavelets roll'd,
Is fragrance laden coming o'er the wold;
And this is June—the pride of all the year.
O wishest thou to feel the balmy rays,

Or breathe the sweet perfume of budding flowers?
And wishest thou to speed the happy days,
Or chase with pleasure all the glowing hours?
Then come away! and ramble far and near,
For this is June—the pride of all the year!

THE QUEEN OF MAY.

KNELT a child in deep devotion
By a statue of the Queen,
Where the moonlight, without motion,
Drove the shadows from the scene;
Where the moonbeams, softly stealing,
Silvered bright the flowers that lay
All around the child there kneeling
In the chapel, dim, to pray.

All day long her heart beat gladly,
For thro' many happy hours,
She searched hills and vales—oft madly
Scaling cliffs—in search of flowers;

And when night still beauteous found her,
 With the garlands of the day
Her companions, wearied, crowned her,
 Saying, "Thou art Queen of May."

Gathering up the flowers, she hurried,
 With the wreaths still in her hair,
To the chapel, where she buried
 All the May-day joys in prayer.
Long she knelt there 'mid the flowers
 That profusely round her lay,
And the minutes grew to hours,
 Still she lingered there to pray.

She arose, and softly stealing
 'Taro' the dim and mystic scene,
She approached, and humbly kneeling
 By the statue of the Queen,
Gathered up the flowers around her,
 And while ceasing not to pray,
Wove them into wreaths and crowned her,
 Saying, "Thou art Queen of May."

Long within the chapel kneeling
By the statue of the Queen
She remained, while yet the stealing
Moments bade her leave the scene.
When she turned to leave it, "Never"—
All the angels heard her say—
"I shall cease to love, forever
Thou shalt be the Queen of May!"

SONG.

THE woodbine blooms within the forest deep;
The wild rose blossoms down along the lane;
The blooming ivies in the green woods creep:
The lilies all have come to life again ;
The golden-rod waves in the tender breeze ;
The daisies blossom far across the lea;
And all seem whispering thro' the solemn trees:
“ We bloom for thee, we all do bloom for thee !
Ah, yes, we bloom for thee ! ”

The robins chirrup down in yonder grove;
The saucy black-bird swings upon the reeds;
The sweet-voiced thrush seems but to speak of love;

The meadow-larks are singing in the meads;
The oriole is chanting all day long,
And as his music floats from yonder tree,
It seems this is the burden of his song:!

“We sing for thee, we all do sing for thee!

Ah, yes; we sing for thee!”

Then let us go down in the forest deep,
And let us wreath and garland all the flowers;
And where the myrtles bloom and ivies creep,
There will we sit and while away the hours.
Come then away! The birds shall sing their song,
And greet us from the top of every tree;
And this refrain we'll sing as we go 'long:
“For you and me—this is for you and me!
Ah, yes; for you and me!”

THE DYING CHILD.

A MOTHER watched beside the crib
Where lay her dying child :
His eye shown bright with the holy light
Of a spirit undefiled.

As the mother watched beside the crib
Where the little sufferer lay,
She knew that Death with his icy breath
Would steal him soon away.

He saw his mother bending o'er,
He heard her stifled cry;
Then soft and low these words spoke slow,
"O, mamma, must I die?"

"Then, mamma, do not weep," said he,
"We will meet again in Heaven."
And his voice grew still, his hand grew chill—
Life's slender chain was riven!

Earth's child had gone, his soul had flown,
'Twas o'er, 'twas o'er at last:
The mother staid by the dead and prayed
Till the hours of night were past.

THE SMITHY.

INSCRIBED TO TIMOTHY J. GANNON, CINCINNATI, O.

BLOW ! Blow ! Blow !

O list to the bellows blowing,

Fanning the coals softly glowing !

While the blacksmith stands,

With his brawny hands,

Watching the metal glowing and bright,

Ready to grasp 'tween the jaws of his tongs

When the heat in the forge has turned it to white,

While he gaily sings his favorite songs.

O gaily he sings,
And the sledge that he swings
Is beating the time
To his tuneful rhyme,
Merrily !
Merrily !

Ding ! Ding ! Ding !
O list to the song of the metal !
O list to the din and the rattle,
As the smith's hammer beats
'Gainst the iron mass and sheets,
While the sparks fly away at every blow,
Filling the smithy with flakets of light.
Like the world is fill'd when the soft-falling snow
Spreads o'er the land her mantle of white.
O gaily he swings
His sledge as he sings,
Beating the time
To his musical rhyme

Cheerily,
Cheerily !

Clang ! Clang ! Clang !
O list to the anvil ringing !
O list to the blacksmith singing
His merry song
The whole day long,
As his hammer falls on the shapeless steel,
Welding and beating and turning to form,
Beating it tho' it never can feel,
Like the wild sea is beat at the will of the storm.
O gaily he sings,
And the sledge that he swings
Is beating the time
To his tuneful rhyme,
Merrily,
Merrily !

A STORM AT SEA.

INSCRIBED TO J. A. McVEIGH, COVINGTON, KY.

THE sea was calm when came the close of day :
The wind had ceased ; the waves had gone
to sleep ;

And the long billows rolling far away
Were their breast-heavings ; o'er the peaceful deep
The dark, the solemn night began to creep.
Like a lone sea-gull weary of her flight,
Or like an eagle from the rocky steep,
Poised on her wings far off from native height,
A ship with snowy sails was drifting thro' the night.

The worn and weary crew had sunk to rest,
And in their dreams again were they returned
To that loved spot within the far off West—
Love-sacred land!—where glowing heart-fires burn'd,
And ardent souls for absent loved-ones yearned.
Ah! how their eyes grew lustrous when the store,
In many a long and weary voyage earned,
Of golden ingots they spread out before
Those wond'ring eyes, and vowed to sail the seas no more!

But hark! a rude alarm awakes them from their sleep:
A thunder peal—a loud and deaf'ning crash.
They spring on deck, and looking o'er the deep,
They see the mountain billows: feel them dash
With giant fury 'gainst the barque: a flash
Of vivid lightning lights the ghastly waves:
They hear them shriek, they hear them wildly lash
Against the side: and in the ocean caves,
Bared by the yawning sea, behold their graves.

A peal—a flash—the storm-cloud bursts o'er head,

And thro' its rifted heart, upon the deep
The tempest falls in fury ; fear and dread
Possess the stoutest hearts : the fierce winds sweep
Across the tattered sails : the billows leap
In furious rage above the top-most mast,
And hanging o'er like mountain's rugged steep,
Heaped higher still by each succeeding blast,
A moment on the frail barque frown, then sweep apast.

As though transfixed the crew a moment stand
Viewing with glassy eyes the scene of woe.
Where is the gold earned by thy toil-scarred hand,
O sailor, now ? Will not its luring glow
Avail thee aught in this dread moment ? No !
Then fling it to the greedy waves beneath !
And pray, and toil until thy blood-streams flow
From bruised hands and limbs ! work till thy breath
Can utter cry nor prayer—yea, even unto death !

Ah, vain and hopeless task ! a mighty wave,
Foam-capped and steep came rolling o'er the seas,

And bore upon the barque's devoted brave.
A prayer—a curse arose : might curse appease
A billows wrath in the Hesperides ?
The wave looked on them with a dark'ning frown,
Then struck with strength of countless Hercules,
And seized them in its grasp : then reeling round,
Mid prayer, and groan, and black despair, the ship went
down.

Upon the sea the morning dawned serene ;
No fearful storm-cloud darked the azure sky ;
And o'er the vast deep ocean nought was seen
Save but the sea-gulls skinning swiftly by,
And nought was heard save their wild shrieking cry.
The barque—where was it ? Ask the greedy main.
And thou, O sailor, long shall loved-ones sigh,
And watch, and pray to see thee once again,
But they shall watch, and yearn, and pray for thee in
vain !

A GOLDEN DEED.

AN OLD THOUGHT PUT IN VERSE,

ONE pound of gold drawn in a thread
Will gird the earth and glitter still :
So one kind act—one golden deed—
Tho' done in early life, it will

Shine thro' its days ; and when the night
Of its departing years has come,
'Twill glitter still, and it will light
The journey to a peaceful tomb.

And more : that single deed will gleam
Across the land and o'er the sea,
'Thro' ages, and its brightest beam
Will glitter in eternity !

CAMP SONG.

INSCRIBED TO OTTO DIECKMANN, CINCINNATI, O.

Multos castra juvant.

—HORACE.

WE are six jolly students,
Our hearts are blithe and gay,
All just set free from study,
No cares beset our way.
We pick upon our banjo,
Our merry songs we sing,
We saw upon our fiddles
And make the forest ring.

We are six jolly students,
Our camp is on the hill,
Beneath a giant oak-tree
Deep in the forest still.
We boat down on the river,
We angle in the lake:
O we're six jolly students
All out for fun's sweet sake!

In Camp, June, 1890.

THE SCHOOL-BOY'S DREAM.

I.

THE baffled boy his desk leaned o'er ;
His fingers clutched his hair ;
His feet moved restless on the floor ;
He'd tried that sum till his brain was sore ;
" Will't remain unsolved forevermore ? "

He asked in wild despair.
" I wish," he said, " some fairy sprite,
Like they did long years ago,
In her gauzy dress of virgin white,
Would come to me in her rapid flight,

Would guide my stubborn pencil right,
And get this problem so."

II

The wish had scarcely reached his mind,
When a chariot of gold,
With gems of wondrous brightness lined,
By winged steeds drawn upon the wind,
With a train of courtiers behind,
O'er the school-boy's shoulder roll'd ;
And then with footsteps airy light,
With a crown upon her head,
Forth from the chariot stepped a sprite,
Clothed in zephyr gauzes white,
With a countenance so strangely bright,
Who in tones like music said :

III

" Your wish for a fairy I have heard ;
Your troubles I have seen ;
I listened to your wishing word,

And, swifter flying than the bird,
I've reached here e'er a leaf has stirr'd—

I am the Fairy Queen.

Give me a pencil and your slate

And *I* will solve the sum ;

Come, be quick, 'tis getting late ;

See ! my steeds impatient wait ! ”

The pencil *clicked* at such a rate

It seemed a continued hum.

IV.

“ ’Tis done,” the fairy spirit cried ;

“ I’ve solved the troubling sum ;

This wish of yours I’ve not denied.

Now, what else ? ” The school-boy sighed,

“ Another problem I have tried,

But the answer will not come.”

“ I will not solve this sum,” said she,

And smiled ; “ for if I do,

There will be more to solve. But see !

I must be off—they beckon me ;

But I'll leave this magic slate with thee,
And a magic pencil, too."

V.

The school-boy bowing to the sprite,
The slate took from her hand;
The fairy then with footsteps light
Bounded to the chariot bright,
And instantly she took her flight
For the wondrous fairy-land.
The pencil swift the slate flew o'er,
Like fairy's gliding feet;
He solved the problems, two, three, four,
And as nimble grew his fingers more,
He felt his brain no longer sore,
And the lesson was complete!

VI.

He paused; his teacher's eyes he met;
And then he heard him say:
"Ben, have you solved that problem yet?"

He rubbed his eyes and began to sweat :

“ Yes—no—yes,—it I *did* get,

But now 'tis swept away ! ”

At his slate he looks in wild surprise ;

His eyes no longer beam ;

“ I surely solved this sum,” he cries ;

“ Now where can be my magic prize ? ”

He rubs his hand across his eyes—

It all has been a dream !

VII.

“ Ben,” then the teacher said, “ it seems

That you have been asleep.

Why should you waste in idle dreams

The day so lit by sunny gleams ?

Lest you work while shine Youth's brightest
beams,

What harvest will you reap ? ”

The school-boy seized his slate again ,

He asked no fairy's aid ;

He went to work with vigor then,
And when the teacher asked him, "Ben,
Have you solved out number ten?"

"My task is done," he said.

A VACATION REVERIE.

INSCRIBED TO SIMON A. BALDUS, CINCINNATI, O.

HANGING o'er the glassy river, like a dark and
gloomy wall,

Stands the Giant Rock—a mountain rising up so strong
and tall

That it seems a dismal prison ; but it can not stay the
flow

Of the music that arises from the river far below.

There are trees and fragrant flowers on the mountain's
rocky crest ;

There are pale and straggling sunbeams far reflected from
the West :

Sunbeams that are fading slowly in the purple western
sky,
Shrinking from the eastern hill-tops, for the even draw-
eth nigh.

'Tis an evening full of beauty, tho' the heavens now so
bright,
Late were filled with fearful storm-clouds, dark and dis-
mal as the night.

They have pass'd, the clouds are sinking in the distant
eastern sky,
While the heavens' purple deepens as the twilight draw-
eth nigh.

I am floating down the river all alone within a skiff,
And I linger for a moment just beneath the rocky cliff.

Overhead the giant mountain lifts its dismal, gloomy
form,

Scorning like a frowning monster works of ages and of
storm ;

While above, the gaudy goldfinch sings a song so sweet
and fair

That it seems to praise the woodbine as it breathes its
fragrance rare.

.

I have floated down the river, just below the rocky cliff,
Where the river banks rise gently ; here I moor my little
skiff,

And I toil far up the mountain, springing oft from rock
to ledge,

Till at last I reach the summit ; here upon the very edge

Of the Giant Rock I linger, list'ning to the fitful flow

Of the music that arises from the valley far below.

I was weary ; so I settled in a quaint old rustic seat,

Clung around with blooming woodbine, breathing fra-
grance rare and sweet,

While beneath my feet a carpet stretched in tangled mass
around,

Covering up with creeping ivy all the damp and mellow
ground.

Overhead the arching branches, with the clinging vines
entwined,

Formed a dome, while bright the ceiling with the fra-
grant rose was lined.

Thro' an opening stole a sunbeam, looking as a sheet of
gold,

Like the pathway of the fairies, that, 'tis said, dwelt
here of old.

Ay, if ever there were fairies, sprites with fabled graces
sweet,

Sure they chose their regal palace in this fragrance-
strewn retreat !

"See, he sleepeth," came a whisper that fell softly on my
ears,

Like a dream-tone of the angels, like the music of the
Spheres.

'Twas a rose that spake. "He sleepeth ; wake him not,"
another said ;

"Wake him not for he is weary," and she gently drooped
her head,

Shaking off a shower of dew-drops that were gathering
on her bloom,

Breathing rapture in the cloister from the sweets of her
perfume.

"He is weary," spake the woodbine, "and has sought
us here to rest ;

We shall not disturb his slumbers till the sun sinks in
the West."

"He is weary," spake the ivy, leaping up to kiss my feet,

"I shall only touch him gently while he stays in our re-
treat."

"He is weary," spake the oak-tree, as the wind sighed
thro' his boughs ;

“I shall guard him lest a dew-shower shall descend upon
his brows.”

“He is weary,” spake the goldfinch, “I will sing him
music low.”

“He is weary,” spake the river, and it sang of long ago.

Scarcely had they finished speaking when the forests
caught the sound,

And they echoed,” Weary ! weary !” o’er the hills and
far around.

“I remember,” spake the oak-tree, “in the years of
long ago,

How the Red men came to visit us when bowed in deep-
est woe.”

“I remember,” spake the ivy, “how the chiefs came
here of old

To consult, in secret council, on some expedition bold.”

“I remember,” said the wild rose, “how this was a
trysting-place,

In the years long past, for lovers of the dark and savage
race."

"I remember," said the woodbine, as the breezes shook
her leaves,

"How I sheltered from the savage many fleeing fugi-
tives."

"I remember," said the river, in the valley far below,

"How the cruel savage warriors, in the years of long
ago,

"Met in fierce and bloody battle on my banks, within
the wood,

And they dyed my placid waters with the crimson of
their blood."

"I remember," said the goldfinch, "my forefathers
used to tell

How the last one of the Red men bade this loved spot
farewell,

"How he left it, looking backward, like he fain would
ne'er depart,

How he left, his head bowed sadly, like the parting
broke his heart."

Scarcely had she finished speaking when the forests
caught the sound,
And they echoed, "Sadly! sadly!" o'er the hills and
far around.

"O how sad the lot of mortals!" said the oak in accents
low;

"First they see a day of pleasure, then there comes a
year of woe."

"O how sad the lot of mortals!" said the woodbine
with a sigh,

"They have scarcely aught but sorrow till they lay them
down and die."

"O how sad the lot of mortals!" sang the goldfinch in
her nest;

"They have toil and care unceasing—always toil and
never rest."

“O how sad the lot of mortals!” said the ivy’s tiny bloom;

“They have never rest from labor till I creep around their tomb.”

“O how sad the lot of mortals!” then the wild rose sadly said;

“They have never-ceasing sorrow till I bloom above their dead.”

Scarcely had she finished speaking when the forests caught the sound,

And they echoed, “Sorrow ! sorrow !” o’er the hills and far around.

“Hush !” the river whispered, pausing in her song of long ago ;

“What know ye of human sorrow ? What know ye of human woe ?

“I have sung my song for mortals ever since the world was born ;

Sing it gaily in the even as I sang it in the morn ;

“ And thro’ all the years and ages since my waves began
to roll,

I have studied men and women—I have studied heart
and soul.

“ I have learned my lessons faithful ; I have conned them
o’er and o’er,

And I know the long-lost secrets of the world’s forgotten
lore ;

“ But I’ve learned this grander secret : man is rendered
Sorrow’s slave

To befit him for the glories of the world beyond the
grave.”

Scarcely had she finished speaking when the forests caught
the sound,

And they echoed : “ Glories ! glories ! ” o’er the hills
and far around.

Then the wild rose and the ivy and the woodbine and the
oak

And the goldfinch in the treetop all as in one accent
spoke :

“ It is true ! ” and then the woodbine, when they all had
ceased to speak,
As the breezes touched her blossoms, sighed and gently
kiss'd my cheek.

Then the tall, strong oak above me softly waved his
arching boughs,
And the dew-drops, stealing thro' them, fell upon my
feverish brows.

I was startled from my slumber as the goldfinch in her
nest
Sang, “ Awake ! for all the sunbeams now have vanished
in the West ! ”

I walked softly o'er the ivy to the mountain's very edge,
And I stood there in the twilight on a narrow little
ledge.

Far below there flowed the river, while its music sweet
and low

Rose in spells both wild and fitful as it sang of long ago ;
And beyond, the fertile valley stretched in meadows far
away,

Till they met the western mountains in the distance dim
and gray.

In the West the red and purple tinged with beauty all
the sky,
Like the red-light of a tableau, still reflecting far on
high.

Then the western glories vanished ; and the thunder
broke the seal
Of his silence, and he echoed thro' the sky in one long
peal,

Till it seemed that all the spirits of the other world were
near,
And they seemed to stamp their plaudits in one long-
continued cheer !

SWEET AND LOW.

INSCRIBED TO ADOLPH G. F. BADER, CINCINNATI, O.

“Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea.”

SWEET and low,
Sweet and low,
Over the grassy lea
Cometh the wind at break of day—
Cometh to you and me ;
Fresh with the scent of the fragrant hay,
Bringing the gifts of the new-blown flowers

Fraught with the dew of night's still hours,—
 Sweet and low,
 Sweet and low,
 Over the grassy lea,
Over the mead where the daisies grow,
 Cometh to you and me.

 Sweet and low,
 Sweet and low,
 Out of the forest deep
Cometh the wind at noon of day—
 Cometh from wood asleep,
Where the great old oaks so grand and gray
Bow and nod at the will of the breeze—
O who can read the dreams of the trees?
Bringing the cool of the forest's shade,
Bearing the scent of the rose-fraught glade,
 Sweet and low,
 Sweet and low,
 Out of the forest deep

Cometh so languid, soft and slow,
Cometh from wood asleep.

Sweet and low,
Sweet and low,
Up from the crystal stream
Cometh the wind at eventide,
When the glowing fire-flies gleam ;
While clinging e'er like a loving bride
The voice of the falls is brought along,
As she doleful sings her ceaseless song.

Sweet and low,
Sweet and low,
Cometh, when fire-flies gleam,
The wind and his bride from far below,
Up from the crystal stream.

Sweet and low,
Sweet and low,
Out of the tangled wild
Cometh the wind at dead of night

Like the wail of a long lost child !
Coming at times like a voice of fright,
Oft as deep as the organ's swell,
Sad as the notes of a funeral knell,
Sweet and low,
Sweet and low,
Out of the tangled wild.
Weeping and sighing the night winds blow
Like the wail of a long lost child !

THE KINGDOM AND ITS QUEEN.

I.

WHEN fair Columbia was young,
Proud mother of a people blest,
Out of the land a kingdom sprung—
The Kingdom of the West.
It stretched from the Atlantic's strands
To far Pacific's golden sands.
The fertile valleys, boundless plain,
And mountains were in its domain.
The fruits of many climes it bore;

Its fields were rich with ages' loam ;
A varied fauna wandered o'er
Its plains, and called this land its home.
No kingdom e'er
Had fields so fair,
No land with sunnier climes was blest,
Nor mountains bore
A richer store
Than this proud Kingdom of the West !

II.

When Freedom's Mother saw the land
From ocean stretched to ocean shore,
Up rose in sacred oath her hand—
“ 'Tis mine, by right 'tis mine ! ” she swore.
“ No other hand its fields can bless
Nor turn to fruit its wilderness—
'Tis mine forevermore !
What land can reach distinction's goal
Unless inspired by Freedom's soul ? ”

III.

Then Freedom's Mother stretched her hand
In benediction o'er the land:
The deserts bloomed; the boundless plain
Was filled with waving, golden grain;
The cry of savage lips was stilled,
And Plenty's horn was more than filled;
Columbia's flag from sea to sea
In peace waved o'er the *fleur-de-lis*.

IV.

Columbia smiled; "A land," she said,
"To make its greatness manifest,
Must needs—if it be truly blest—
A sovereign who through time's decade
Will still in beauty's garb be dress'd.
O, tell me, World, a worthy maid
To rule the Kingdom of the West!"

V.

Then came a deep voice echoing long
From Hebrides to far Nippon—

A voice, it seemed, so full and strong
Ten million spake in unison.
“Look thou into the West,” it said.
“There dwells among the hills a maid
In all the charms of beauty dressed;
No Helen e’er
Was half so fair;
Let her be Sovereign of the West!”

VI.

Columbia heard; then straightway wove
From all the blessings of the land,
From valley gleaned, from mead and grove,
A crown; and with her own fair hand
Placed it on Cincinnati’s head,
And while the world applauded, said:
“O maid, with countless graces blest,
Thy kingdom’s graces manifest,
For thou shalt be Queen of the West!”

ODE TO MAECENAS.

TRANSLATED FROM HORACE.

MAECENAS, thou of royal parents born,
And who for me the sweet shield long hast
worn,

Some men delight in chariots to roll
Along, collect Olympian dust, the goal
With glowing wheels evade, and down
From gods immortal draw the laureate crown.
Some one, perhaps, the fickle Romans praise,
And lauding to the highest honors raise.

Another one his golden harvest stores
And sweeps the grain from Libyan threshing-floors.
But him who loves to ply his hoe and spade
No gold of Attalus can e'er persuade
To quit his fields, and in a Cyprian barque,
A timid seaman, sail the ocean dark.
The fearing merchant, when the Afric raves,
Icaria lashing with the foaming waves,
In ease delights; but fearful of the reign
Of want, his shattered barque refits again.
Some men delight their troubles to resign
And drown all care in cups of Massic wine,
Beneath the arbuté stretched in idle dream,
Or at the murmuring fount of sacred stream.
Some love the camp, and clarion's music clear
With trumpet's mixed, and wars which mothers
fear.
The hunter, heedless of his tender spouse,
Remains beneath Jove's frowning, frigid brows;
For either stag the faithful hounds have met,
Or Marsian boar has broken from his net.

The ivy-wreath—a crown for learning's brow—
Exalts me to the gods ; in cool groves now
The nymphs and satyrs revel, from the throng
Disjoining me, if sweet Euterpe's song
Is silenced not, or Polyhymnia's lyre
Still breathes its notes with tender love afire.
But should my lyrics win the laurel crown,
Then e'en the stars will echo my renown !

THE FUNERAL OF THE ROSES.

A LITTLE child stood under a tree
As the Autumn winds sighed mournfully,
And the withered leaves were tossed around
To find a pillow upon the ground;
While lying near on the earth were spread
Bunches of roses withered and dead.

Her childish heart had been touched with woe
When she saw the roses drooping low.

She gathered them up and weeping she
Gently buried them under the tree.
Under the leaves she put them to sleep—
Under the leaves she buried them deep.

Gently she placed each rose in its bed,
There to sleep the sweet sleep of the dead :
Ever to sleep there, never to wake,
To never again see morning break ;
Laying them under the leaves to sleep,
Bury them deep, child, bury them deep !

Bury the roses under the tree
As the north wind wails so mournfully !
Bury them under the withered grass,
That none might disturb them as they pass !
Under the dead leaves lay them to sleep—
Bury them deep, child, bury them deep !

Child, with thy simple and tender heart,
Grieving that thou with the roses must part,

Didst think how many a sad, sad thought
In many a mind thy deed hath wrought?
Didst see how many an eye did weep
When thou didst bury the roses deep?

THE SILLY LITTLE BIRD.

FOUR downy birds with laughing eyes
 Dwelt in a little nest;
They had no thoughts of worldly care,
 And they were truly blest.
A leafy twig o'erhanging them,
 Concealed them from the sun;
And of these little downy birds
 All were content save one.

This little bird, one sunny day
 When he was five days old,
Grew discontent and tired of home ;
 And soon he grew so bold
That to his sister birds he said :
 “ I’m tired of home ; sure I,
Since I am now ’most one week old.
 Am big enough to fly.

“ See, yonder on that clover bloom
 Is a little bumble-bee ;
He’s not so big as I ; I’m sure
 I’ll do as well as he.
See what a tiny thing he is,
 And oh ! how he can fly !
I’m *sure* I’ll do as well as he :
 At any rate I’ll try.”

“ O brother,” then the sisters cried ;
 “ You know you cannot fly ;
You know that you are still too young—

Dear brother, do not try!"

In vain they tried to hold him back—

Vain, though they did their best;

For, while they spoke, the naughty bird

Climbed out of the little nest.

Alas, poor little bird! he crawled

Out on a twig to fly;

He then looked down upon the ground,

And oh! it looked so high!

"O don't! O don't!" his sisters cried;

"Dear brother, do not try!"

He took no heed but only said,

"Now watch me and I'll fly."

Alas, poor little silly bird!

For, as these words he said,

He fell far down upon the ground

And crushed his little head!

The sister birds looked out the nest,

Down o'er the twiggy side;

“Poor little brother!” then they said,
And bowed their heads and cried.

The mamma of the birds came home ;
The poor dead bird she found ;
She buried him beneath a flower
Deep in the cold damp ground !
Then flew up to the little nest,
And when the tale she heard,
She raised a slab and thus she wrote :
Here lies poor little bird.

When the papa bird came home and heard
The tale, he did erase
From off the slab the one word, *poor*,
And wrote *silly* in its place.
Now all you children who have homes,
And who this story heard,
Be careful that you do not act
As this poor silly bird.

FESTAL ODE TO OUR RECTOR.

WITH our hearts full of gladness we greet thee ;
Thy feast-day we welcome ; and now
We come our love-tokens to give thee,
And with love-wreaths to laurel thy brow.
There is music to make the day gladsome ;
There are wishes it happy may be ;
There are prayers that the sweet gifts of heaven
May be lavishly showered on thee—
Like the soft dew of heaven on thee.

There's an ancient and beautiful legend
In Devotion's heart-caskets enshrined,
Wreathed around with the flowers of Religion,
With the garlands of Faith intertwined.
It tells how the pure, spotless Virgin—
The fairest of creatures was she—
In homage bowed down in the temple
To her God said: "To Thee and for Thee,
All, all that I have is for Thee!"

The scribe, when he heard the fair Virgin
Breathe forth to her spouse this sweet vow,
While she knelt there so meek and so humble
With the glory of God on her brow—
Untaught by the wisdom of Heaven
Such love greatly marveled to see;
But he felt that the angels were present,
And he whispered: "Dear Master, to Thee—
Let her life be devoted to Thee!"

The psalm in the distance was chanted;

Thro' the temple the long echoes roll'd ;
The sweet incense rose upward to Heaven
In odorous cloudlets and told
That a sacrifice, earnest and pleasing,
Was offered to Heaven when she
In the sanctified gloom of the temple
Whispered softly ; “ To Thee and for Thee—
Dear God, all I have is for Thee ! ”

'Tis the eve of a beautiful feast-day,
And memories awake in our breast
Of chastity, meekness, submission,
That like gems in her coronet rest.
Then we hail this a moment propitious,
And come with our greetings to thee,
Who hast vowed like the pure Virgin Priestess,
“ All, all that I ever will be
Dear God is devoted to Thee ! ”

The best years of thy life have been given
To the care and the training of youth
In the way of religion and wisdom—

In the way of devotion and truth.
And we, who have had the rich blessing
Long under thy guidance to be,
Bring our flowers of esteem and affection
And our garlands of thanks unto thee—
Our esteem and affection to thee.

Then accept, belov'd Father, these tokens,
For thy honor and Mary's above,
All bright with the glow of devotion—
All steeped in the sweet dew of love.
And again do we greet thee with wishes
That gladscme thy feast-day may be,
And we pray that the blessings of Heaven
Many feast-days may send unto thee—
Many glad, joyous feast-days to thee!

St. Xavier College, Feb. 1, 1890.

FEAST-DAY ADDRESS TO OUR RECTOR.

WE greet thee, Dear Father, with hearts all aglow,
And come with our flowers plucked from
meadow and grove,

And our love-tokens bring our affection to show
On this beautiful feast of the Mother of Love.

O sweet breathe the roses far over the lea,
And starr'd is the wild with the bright golden-rod !
But sweeter by far may our love-garlands be
On the beautiful feast of the Mother of God.

Our garlands are made of the lilies of love ;
The blue-bells of song and of music are there,
With roses of gladness and joy interwove,
And all intertwined with the ivies of prayer.

And now, while we come with our garlands all fraught
With the fragrance of love our affection to show
There comes to our minds with each loving thought
The sweet story told of the long, long ago.

The story brought down from a far-away age,
Over seas wide and wild—from far Palestine,
And written in splendor on many a page—
The story it is of the sweet Virgin Queen.

Thou hast heard it—and I—and all the vast world
Wherever the foot of Apostle has trod,
Wherever the banner of Christ is unfurled—
The story of Mary, the Mother of God.

.

The temple dim-lit with sweet incense was fraught,
Filling it all with an odorous flood;
While far down the aisle as if raptured in thought,
The priest in his robes at the high altar stood.

There came a fair virgin; her face wore a smile
No angel could wear: a look so divine
A lustre lit up the long shadowy aisle
As she stole softly down to Purity's Shrine.

She knelt; and an anthem was sung far away
In the dim, gloomy distance: its mellow notes roll'd
Thro' the temple like waves when the West-breezes play
On waters agleam with the sinking sun's gold.

Then all became silent: no breath nor a sound
An echo disturbed, until there by the Shrine
The Virgin these words in her pure spirit found,
And whispered, "Dear God, I am Thine—I am
Thine!"

.

'Tis a beautiful feast-day : 'tis Mary's—and thine,
Dear Father, for thou, too, hast trod
The Temple's long aisle and at Purity's Shrine
The words of the Virgin repeated to God.

Accept then, Dear Father, our garlands of love,
Our lilies, our roses, our fair golden-rod,
Which we offer thee now our affection to prove
On this beautiful feast of the Mother of God !

St. Xavier College.

ST. MARTIN'S DAY.

IT was a bleak November day, the winds were shrieking high,
The heavy storm-clouds, drooping low, enveloped all the sky ;
A beggar in the city's gate stretched forth his empty palms,
And in the holy name of God begged passers-by for alms.

The soldier, Martin, pass'd that way ; he saw the beggar
there

A-shivering in the rain and cold, and heard his pale lips
prayer :

Soul-touched, from out its scabbard then his glittering
sword he drew,

He took his mantle from his back and severed it in two.

He cast one half the mantle to the beggar by his side,
And as he flung the other part his shoulders o'er he
cried :

“ 'Tis all I have to give thee now ; but better far than
gold

This half my cloak will be to thee against the rain and
cold ! ”

He gently wrapped the mantle round the beggar's pal-
sied form,

When lo ! the starving beggar saw a vision thro' the
storm :

Upon the wild and stormy skies, around and far above,

He saw the glories of that deed of charity and love.

The shivering beggar then forgot that he was numb and
cold,

Forgot that he was hungry wrapt in the mantle's fold.

Now, when in bleak November month there comes a
warm, bright day,

The Northern peasants cry, " St. Martin's coming down
this way ! "

A NOVEMBER ELEGY.

SUMMER has fled,
Its joys have pass'd ;

The Month of the dead

Is here at last.

The cricket still sings upon the hearth,

But he sings no more a song of mirth :

From his quaint, shrill voice all joy has fled ;

And as he chirrups his ceaseless strain,

It seems that it bears this sweet refrain :

Pray for the dead—pray for the dead !

In the church-yard still
The naked trees
Bow at the will
Of the passing breeze.
The wailing wind from the north that blows,
A sad dirge sings 'mong the naked boughs—
A dirge for the many souls that have fled.
The trees bow down as the cold blast brings
This sad refrain on its northern wings,
Pray for the dead—pray for the dead !

In those sacred grounds
Devout ones weep,
And kneel by the mounds
Where loved-ones sleep.
They pray and they shed full many a tear—
As they kneel by mounds of those most dear—
For the darling ones whose souls have fled.
Ah ! long in that sacred place they stay,
And obey the winds that passing say,
Pray for the dead—pray for the dead !

In a chapel dim
Devout ones stay
And pray to Him—
For loved-ones pray!
And as they kneel in the chapel dim,
They send up their words of love to Him,
And beg sweet rest for the souls that have fled;
And the hidden Christ who is ever near,
Tenderly whispers in each one's ear,
Pray for the dead—pray for the dead!

MAY JOY BE THINE.

A SONG.

OH! how our hearts with gladness beat,
Our bosoms swell with fondest love,
As come we here with tokens sweet—
Each one a little treasure-trove.
Our tokens bear affection's seal,
They bind us with love's golden chain,
And as we sing the thoughts we feel

Our music bears this sweet refrain :

O joy !

O sweetest joy,

O joy, O joy be thine !

May ne'er a grief thy heart employ,

But sweetest joy be ever thine !

O let our song be one love,

No alien thought can e'er alloy,

But let its notes be interwove

With those of purest, sweetest joy.

O let us then our tokens bring,

They bind us with love's golden chain ;

And as our songs we gaily sing,

Their music bears this sweet refrain :

O joy !

O sweetest joy,

O joy, O joy be thine !

May ne'er a grief thy heart employ,

But sweetest joy be ever thine !

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE. *

Linguis animisque favet.

—OUR MOTTO.

I.

WHEN Cincinnati, long ago,
A maid in youthful garb was dressed,
When first her brow wore beauty's glow,
Columbia, by Freedom sent

* Read at the jubilee celebration of the Philopædian Society, of St. Xavier College, held at the Odeon, Feb. 25, 1891.

As guardian of the Occident,
By word and deed
Afar decreed
That none was e'er so bounteous blest,
And crowned the maid Queen of the West.

II.

The gems that sparkle in her crown
Reflect afar her fair renown :
There shine the gems of Industry,
Of Wisdom, Thrift, Prosperity ;
But tho' their rays reflect afar,
And shine as bright as morning star,
St. Xavier's is the brightest gem
That glitters in her diadem !

III.

While yet the Queen a maiden blushed
In robes of new-made royalty,
Up sprang the Philopædians, flushed
With patriot's zeal and chivalry ;

Then, bowing low before the throne,
On bended knees
Unfurled their banner to the breeze,
Unsheathed their glittering swords that shone
Resplendent in St. Xavier's sheen,
And swore allegiance to the Queen.

IV.

Then forth the Sovereign stretched her hand
And published this decree :
“ Arise : be loyal to our land—
Thou shalt my guard of honor be ! ”

V.

Forth went the knights—a noble band—
To duty in the ways of life :
Some made the canons of the land ;
Some drew the sword in country's strife ;
Some, urged by loyal duty, flew
To South to North, to West and East ;

While others bade the world adieu,
And donned the cassock of the priest.

VI.

O noble guard ! tho' thou hast trod
Life's many ways, still hast thou been
Forever loyal to thy God,
And to thy Kingdom and its Queen !
And long, O Philopædian ! long
And well hast thou in deed and song
Done honor to the glittering gem
That sets her regal diadem !

VII.

The Queen is not ungrateful : blest
With triumphs of a century,
She decorates her Legion's breast
With emblems of her royalty.

VIII.

Time wove a crown ; and to the Queen

He gave it with a smiling mien :
A half a century's deeds it bears ;
 And while her subjects hail with cheers
The garlands that the Legion wears,
 With smiles the Sovereign places now
 Upon the Philopædian's brow
These laurels of a fifty years.

IX.

A fifty years ! All golden ! yea,
Each year is an immortal bay
 That twines, as ivies twine,
 In sinuous coils and serpentine
Around the golden coronal
 Which Time has wove and made it thine,
In this, thy joyous festival,
O Philopædian ! But other bays
There are, which reach thro' all the days
From this, thy year of jubilee,
To when thou first began to be ;
And in one long, unbroken train

Extending, bind us with the chain
Of friendships dear ;
And tho' within that span appear
Many a withered leaf of bay,
'Telling of those who have passed away,
The binding chain is broken not,
For the absent ones are ne'er forgot !

X.

Philopædian ! thou who hast been
Legion of Honor to the Queen ;
Thou, who hast traced Time's vanished train
With Friendship's sacred chain ;
Thou, who hast turned in Learning's way,
And Eloquence and Truth,
The pliant minds of many a youth,
As sculptor shapes the yielding clay !
We hail the crown Time wove for thee—
Thy glorious Golden Jubilee !

XI.

O Cincinnati ! Heaven blest,

Long may'st thou reign Queen of the West !
And long may fair St Xavier's gem
Shine brightly in thy diadem !
And thou, O Philopædian ! long
Serve well thy Queen in deed and song !
Quench not thy zeal and chivalry,
But still her guard of honor be !
Go forth, ye knights—a loyal band—
Serve God, the Sovereign, and the land ;
Guard well the brightly glittering gem
That sets thy Sovereign's diadem !
O Philopædian, may the bays
Entwine thy brow thro' all thy days ;
And glorious may thy future be
As this—thy year of jubilee !

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